

New Stock Just In. Portage Lake News

Big Stock of Men's and Children's Clothing to Choose from.

Latest in Ties.

And Other Cents' Furnishings.

We are going to keep our stock up to

W. A. WASHBURN & CO.

FOR SALE!

THE MICHIGAN HOUSE,

Corner of Oak and Sixth Streets, Red Jacket.

Let 2 and 3, block 13, Chalmers, known as the Georgia property on Lake Linden road. Lots 1 and 2, block 9, Tamarack City.

Also improved and unimproved Farm Lands for sale and lease. A large lot of timbered land in this and adjoining counties, for sale. Abstracts of title furnished. Taxes paid or non-residents.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

J. A. SHERMAN,

Room 2, Strobel Bldg., Houghton, Mich.

McGLYNN BROS.,

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Of all kinds of brick and stone work. Prices on application.

HANCOCK MICH.

Wanted:—Persons who are

needed of help, or want employment, or have something they wish to sell or exchange, or have houses to rent, or wish to rent houses, to advertise in the Want Column of the Evening News. No better means can be had to fill your wants.

H. H. THE TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R.

In Effect December 29, 1925

Leaving Houghton

At 7:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 10:10 a. m.

At 8:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 11:10 a. m.

At 9:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 12:10 p. m.

At 10:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 1:10 p. m.

At 11:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 2:10 p. m.

At 12:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 3:10 p. m.

At 1:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 4:10 p. m.

At 2:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 5:10 p. m.

At 3:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 6:10 p. m.

At 4:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 7:10 p. m.

At 5:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 8:10 p. m.

At 6:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 9:10 p. m.

At 7:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 10:10 p. m.

At 8:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 11:10 p. m.

At 9:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 12:10 a. m.

At 10:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 1:10 a. m.

At 11:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 2:10 a. m.

At 12:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 3:10 a. m.

At 1:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 4:10 a. m.

At 2:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 5:10 a. m.

At 3:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 6:10 a. m.

At 4:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 7:10 a. m.

At 5:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 8:10 a. m.

At 6:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 9:10 a. m.

At 7:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 10:10 a. m.

At 8:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 11:10 a. m.

At 9:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 12:10 p. m.

At 10:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 1:10 p. m.

At 11:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 2:10 p. m.

At 12:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 3:10 p. m.

At 1:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 4:10 p. m.

At 2:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 5:10 p. m.

At 3:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 6:10 p. m.

At 4:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 7:10 p. m.

At 5:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 8:10 p. m.

At 6:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 9:10 p. m.

At 7:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 10:10 p. m.

At 8:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 11:10 p. m.

At 9:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 12:10 a. m.

At 10:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 1:10 a. m.

At 11:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 2:10 a. m.

At 12:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 3:10 a. m.

At 1:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 4:10 a. m.

At 2:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 5:10 a. m.

At 3:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 6:10 a. m.

At 4:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 7:10 a. m.

At 5:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 8:10 a. m.

At 6:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 9:10 a. m.

At 7:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 10:10 a. m.

At 8:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 11:10 a. m.

At 9:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 12:10 p. m.

At 10:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 1:10 p. m.

At 11:30 a. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 2:10 p. m.

At 12:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 3:10 p. m.

At 1:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 4:10 p. m.

At 2:30 p. m. Red Jacket, Mich. 5:10 p. m.

Arrangements Being Made for the New Hospital.

Visit of the Detroit People.

They Are Very Well Pleased With Their Trip to the Portage Entry—Other News.

It is well known to residents of Hancock that the late Joseph Werten cherished the idea that a portion of his estate should be devoted to establishing here a home for aged and infirm persons or a hospital. In accordance with his father's desire Bishop Werten has conveyed to sisters of the order of the Marquette sisters of St. Francis the old residence on Hancock street to be used for hospital purposes. This conveyance was made on such terms as almost amounted to a donation. The deed will be given Sisters Liboria, Catherine and Gabia in a day or so.

Already arrangements have been made for transforming the residence for its new uses. Necessary furniture has been ordered. One room will be fitted up as a surgical ward and the third story for the use of the sisters.

Funds for the new hospital will be secured by the disposal of tickets. Tickets will be sold good for a year at a low sum, say \$10, that will entitle the holder to admission to the hospital with medical care and nursing. It will be in charge of a competent physician who will attend all cases not brought by other physicians. The hospital will, of course, be open to persons of any creed.

The use of the present building is intended to be but temporary, for from the assurance of success it is certain that more room will be needed soon. It is thought the necessary changes to the house can be made and the house fitted up to receive patients in about two months. In the meantime the sale of season tickets will be pushed.

The visit to Portage Entry Wednesday of the committee of Detroit councilmen and Wayne county supervisors was a very pleasant one and the arrangements and their carrying out were declared perfect by members of the party and Houghton gentlemen who escorted them. The trip was made on the pleasure barge Pilgrim and the rain in the morning did not interfere the least with the comfort of the party, but made it the greater during the afternoon.

Visits were made to each of the quarries and the method of stripping and afterward getting out the stone was fully explained. On the docks at present is an immense quantity of stone, almost enough in fact to fill the big contract for the new Wayne county court house.

The visitors professed themselves delighted with the quality of the stone and its invariable and perfect color. Also was the idea, advanced by certain Detroit papers that the Portage Entry quarries could not get out the requisite amount of stone in three years, wiped out of the minds of the committee. They saw almost enough ready for shipment before their eyes on the dock and were fully convinced that all the stone they wanted could be delivered to them during next season.

It would seem from what little the visitors said that all that may be in question now is the matter of price. It is certain that no other section can compete as to the quality and richness with the famous Portage Entry sand stone.

The return to Houghton was made at 10 o'clock. Yesterday morning the party visited Calumet returning in time to leave the copper quarry by the 2:20 train.

Hon. C. D. Sheldon wore a more than ordinarily contented look yesterday morning and when questioned by the News as to the reason, said he had, the evening before, learned from the Iron county convention that the delegates to the district convention will be for him. Mr. Sheldon now has seven delegates with the two from Baraga sure, making nineteen to date and Gogebic county still to hold its convention. "They all said I could not get Iron county," said he, "and that is the reason why I feel particularly good over the result there."

The Manufacturers' National Bank, of Troy, N. Y., has begun suit in the circuit court against Alfred Mosher, of Troy, Spencer O. Fisher, of Bay City, J. T. Hurst, of Wyandotte, and the State Savings Bank. The bank holds certain notes given to the Ayers estate for the purchase of the pine on town 47, range 36, west, in this county, and the bank seeks a bill to establish a lien on the pine until its interest in the notes can be determined by the court. The notes aggregate \$112,000.

The new Houghton village ordinance for the government of bicycles not only requires the placing of bells on all wheels ridden in the village limits, but also that the bells be rung when approaching a crosswalk. The bells must be rung whether any pedestrian is in sight or not. Marshal Foley has his eye peeled for offenders against this ordinance so bicyclists would better take heed.

Herman Kehl, the 14-year-old son of Charles Kehl, of Houghton, met with a painful accident on Wednesday. He was riding on the trucks of a wagon which were minus the box. In trying to get off he caught his leg in a wheel twisting it badly. At first it was thought that the leg was broken, but fortunately the injury was confined to a sprain.

John Vertin and John B. Vertin, executors of the estate of Joseph Vertin,

have commenced eight separate suits against Christian Yough, Edna Beth Kempf, Swan Peterson, Oscar Isaacson, Louis Nedanu, Joseph Monden, Louis Munch and John Svetlich.

Sam Werner will cook for Company F, Houghton Light Infantry, this year at camp. Mr. Werner was formerly cook at the Douglas House and thoroughly understands his business. The boys will fare well and in hotel style.

John Dixon, a former Houghton resident, arrived here on a visit yesterday from Kansas City. It is fifteen years since he lived here, but he found many old friends directly he stepped off the train.

A fire started yesterday morning around the kitchen chimney of Joseph Haas' residence, Haas park, but it was fortunately discovered and extinguished in time to prevent much damage.

Dry family wood, for cash, at J. S. Stringer's fuel yard, Hancock. Telephone connection. Leave orders at the store.

The Norseman is unloading a cargo of hard coal for Graham Pope.

ARCHER'S FAVORITE HORSE.

Pathetic Story of the Famous Jockey and the Steeplechase Fatigue.

Archer, the celebrated jockey, was riding in a steeplechase, his mount being a horse called Fatigue. The man was fond of the horse, which returned his affection with liberal interest. At the last fence the horse fell and broke his leg. Archer, though of course thrown, fell away from the horse, and was not badly hurt. The pathetic scene that followed is described by Vogue:

He started away to deliver news of the accident and arrange to have the horse shot, but was stopped by hearing a whinny. Poor Fatigue could only lift his head, but he was looking after and calling the rider he loved so well. Archer returned to the horse, and sitting down on the turf, took the poor creature's head in his lap, and sent a long wailing message for what was necessary. Meanwhile the horse lay still, except for an occasional spasm of pain.

No one wanted to shoot poor Fatigue. A small boy finally volunteered, if no one else would, but he'd "hear rather not." When the pistol was finally given him his small hands trembled so that Archer took the weapon from him, saying:

"You're nervous, lad; you'll blunder it. He shan't have his pain added to. He'll never know what put him out of his misery." Addressing the horse, he added, "If I wasn't fond of you I couldn't bring myself to do it; but you shan't run risks of being hurt more."

With one hand he caressed the horse's head, with the other he put the pistol to the forehead.

"Good by, Fatigue, old chap, good by," and he pulled the trigger. Fatigue hardly struggled, but settled down, dead, with his head still on his favorite rider's lap; and Archer sat quite still till the last quiver was over, his head bowed, and did not notice that the red was staining his clothes.

MR. GLIMMERTON'S BESETMENTS.

Troubled Most Just Now Over a Whist in the Parlor.

"In her latest rearrangement of the parlor," said Mr. Glimmerton, "my oldest daughter has placed in front of the whist table a comfortable rocking chair in which I have always liked to sit. The whist table is a flimsy structure on legs so slender that they wobble when you look at them. Upon its shelves there are many delicate bottles and jars and vases and things that are always ready to fall off."

"If I were not so eternally kept down, I should be a man of cheerful spirit. Even as it is I manage to keep my head above the slough of despond, but I have a pretty hard time of it what with one thing and another, and just now the whist table in the parlor is one of my most trying besetments. One cannot sit in the big chair now without danger of knocking the whist table over. The first time I tried it the chair rocked back and brought up against it. All the bottles and jars and vases on the shelves nodded violently, many of them beyond recovery, and these went down with that slight but compact crash that thin china makes when it falls."

"Then I had to keep the whist table always in mind. If I sat in the rocking chair at all, I had to sit it carefully. Once when I had forgotten about the great calamity and had jumped up rather suddenly the chair rocked back and touched the whist table again, this time, however, not so hard; only a few things fell. But now I have given up the chair altogether, for with the whist table at its back it is no longer a comfort to me."

"I look at the big chair longingly, and I fancy it looks with sympathy at me, and I wait with patient cheerfulness for the next new arrangement, when the flimsy whist table shall be on one side of the room and the comfortable rocker on the other."—New York Sun.

X Rays in Piracy.

The pitiless pirate scanned the distant horizon with one of his eagle eyes.

"Ha!"

It was a short word, but there must have been a motive for it.

"A sail! A sail!"

Turning to his first mate, he commanded him, with a fearful oath, to run up the regulation flag.

That person replied that there wasn't one, as the only flag they ever had was shot away in the last affair.

Was the pirate chief rattled?

Nay!

For the bold buccaner to rush down into his cabin, bring up his Roentgen camera, and by means of the X rays to take an instantaneous photograph of the mate's skull and of a couple of crossbones from his twisted leg was but the work of a moment, and in a wink the sable pennant was flying from the foremast of the saucy Plankwalker.

From that instant, as is usual in such cases, all was excitement.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

If there be dust, sand or an eyelash in the eye, it should be removed tenderly by means of a camel's hair brush or the rolled point of a fine cambric handkerchief. Hold down the lower lid with the forefinger of the left hand and turn up the upper lid with the first finger.

A fox maker in Turkey can earn 70 cents a day.

A MISER'S TREASURE.

The miser lay on his dying bed. And no voice by him made noise. No prayer was said, and no tears were shed—He died as he lived, alone.

And his trembling fingers, damp and cold, Dropped the iron band away. From the guarded chest, stained and old, Where his hoarded treasures lay.

But his death dimmed eyes in the fading light Looked not on the rubies rare, Nor the deep sea pearls, nor the diamonds bright.

That an empress well might wear, And the gold that he gratefully loved so much That he perished his soul to gain Was brushed aside with a careless touch And a glance of cold disdain.

And when strangers looked on the dead in awe, In his close clasped fingers they saw, Not Golumba's flashing gems they saw, Nor the gold of Africa's sands.

And no jewels fair beyond compare, 'Twas the fingers still shone through, But a golden tress of a woman's hair In a ribbon of faded blue.

—Chambers' Journal.

AN APPOMATTOX.

They called her the Daughter of the Confederacy in that southern city. She has a daughter of her own now, who should, of course, be called the Granddaughter of the Confederacy, but probably isn't. That, however, is unimportant.

The daughter of a cause so long dead could not have been so young and beautiful. She must have been the child of a memory, that grows more beautiful with each year and knows a new youth with each succeeding generation.

She was very beautiful the day that Howard Pearce saw her. He sat on the window ledge of his second story office—he was a young lawyer from the north—and looked down on Company K, a Tennessee national guard, lined up "parade rest."

He knew their captain, Saunders, who also was a lawyer and whose office adjoined Pearce's. It was an awkward encounter time, and K company was about to go to the grounds at the foot of the Ridge.

"Order—harm's!" commanded Captain Saunders.

"Carry—harm's!"

"Sho'n't harm's! Right for'ard, four's right—m'ch!"

Company K moved off up the street. As the last four swung into the column there came a clatter of hoofs on the pavement and a girl rode past the company and took her place in the column.

"What a beautiful girl!" Pearce exclaimed.

She wore a gray riding habit, with double row of small brass buttons leading up to two black stars on the collar. On her sunny locks a small gray slouch hat rested, tilted just the least bit over one eye. She rode well.

Pearce leaned so far from the window to catch a passing glimpse of the girl that he almost fell. The crowd had dispersed, and he was a warm day toward the end of July, and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed. He reflected that as almost every one had gone to the camp ground, there was no reason for his being in the office, which the little breeze that stirred out doors carefully avoided.

Evidently the girl in gray had gone to the camp ground. And with Saunders. But Saunders was married—happily married—the young lawyer returned to his desk. It was a warm day toward the end of July, and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed. He reflected that as almost every one had gone to the camp ground, there was no reason for his being in the office, which the little breeze that stirred out doors carefully avoided.

That evening he sat before Captain Saunders' tent, with the captain, his wife and Miss Moore—the girl in gray. To the east of the camp ground the ridge rose in a gentle slope. To the southwest, seemingly towering just over them, was the mountain.

Pearce's heart beat faster as he thought came to him that 30 years before white tents had marked the foot of the ridge as they did that day. But then they had struck a blow that must be rushed. He reflected that as almost every one had gone to the camp ground, there was no reason for his being in the office, which the little breeze that stirred out doors carefully avoided.

"It is easier to get up the ridge than it was once. There are no men in gray there tonight."

"No," the captain replied, "but the sons of some of those men are there, pointing to the company street, in which blue clad figures lounged. 'Loyal! Without doubt! Listen!'"

"The bands, which had united for the evening concert, had just struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' When the air was recognized, a cheer arose from the tented wood."

"Hear that?" said the captain.

"Wait," said the girl in gray.

"For what?" Pearce asked.

"They will play 'Dixie' after awhile."

"Then they will yell," she said, looking at him with a bright smile and nodding a confident "You'll see or hear."

And he did. When the national air was finished, there was a brief wait. Then the quick, stirring notes of "Dixie" started the woods into life with sharp echoes, which were drowned by one long, loud yell.

Pearce looked at the girl to receive an expected "I told you so." But she was not looking at him. Her cheeks were dark with excitement, her eyes brightened by excitement, were fixed upon the young men tossing their caps high above the tents and shouting with all their sturdy lung power.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she hates the north as she loves the south?"

When the yell had ceased, he turned to Saunders.

"Well, captain," he said, "what do you say to that?"

"Of course, they love 'Dixie,'" said the captain earnestly. "So do I. But there no deeper than the love of a cheer than the love of a memory. They are loyal."

Miss Moore said that she must go back to town.

"As it is late, I shall have to leave my horse with you, captain. I shall send for him tomorrow. I reckon I can walk to the tent in the night."

She looked down somewhat doubtfully at her riding skirt. Pearce said that he would be glad to go with her, and though it was not apparent in just what way he could overcome the disadvantage of the long dress, she seemed to be grateful for his escort.

Well, that was the beginning of it, and the end is not yet. An incident that occurred under a large tree in the old Confederate fort on the mountain may give a hint of the truth.

Pearce and Miss Moore were under the tree because it was the shelter nearest when rain suddenly began to fall, and it rained probably because a number of young folks of the city had come up on the mountain to spend a September night and promised in the morning to be pleasant.

Mr. Pearce was not in good humor. He and Miss Moore had separated themselves from the others. One topic of conversation had led to another, which in this instance was a declaration by Mr. Pearce that he was irretrievably in love with Miss Moore, and that if she refused to make him happy he should be forever miserable. As a critical stage of this declaration a mindprod kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, it's going to rain!" she cried.

The next instant the downpour began, and both rushed through a branch in the earthen wall of the fort to the tree, where branches, to which the leaves yet clung, offered protection. There they stood in silence for several minutes, she busily brushing raindrops from her hat, which she had taken off, and he watching her moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she glanced at him, curiously and apprehensively, from under her lashes. He caught the glance, and moving toward her said:

"Oh, don't," she exclaimed, starting

away, her eyes still fixed upon a ribbon with which she was working.

"Why, Katherine—er—Miss Moore?"

"Oh, you mustn't!"

He walked to the edge of the circle protected by the leaves and looked out over the city wall of the fort, down which tiny rivers ran. She, having dried her hat, placed it again on her head and began brushing her skirt where, here and there, rain had spotted it. She glanced several times at his back, stubbornly turned toward her. He viewed no intention of moving, nor of speaking again, and she became nervous. The situation was unbearable, and she exclaimed:

"We must get back to the others!"

"We can't very well go through this rain," he said, without turning round.

Another prolonged silence, broken only by the monotonous fall of the rain. Finally, when she had almost made up her mind to gather up her skirts and run to the hotel, a quarter of a mile away, he turned and came quickly toward her.

He put out his hand as though to take hers, but she quickly put her hands behind her and stepped back. He folded his arms and stood before her, looking earnestly into the eyes that she raised to his, almost appealingly.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A beautiful color stole slowly from the ribbon at her throat, up, until it tinted the edges of her small, perfectly formed ears. His gaze held hers for a moment, then her eyelids fell and her long lashes swept her cheeks.

"Mr. Pearce," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "I am so sorry, but I—I can't."

"Because you do not love me?"

She looked up quickly into his face; then down again, but she did not reply.

"Katherine, tell me," he said, "Why is it that you cannot marry me?"

"Because," she was very busy dislodging a little buried stone with the toe of her shoe, "because—you are a Yankee!"

Another swift glance met his steady look. Then she moved a little farther away and stood half turned from him. His first impulse was to laugh. But that passed almost as it came. The gray, brass buttoned riding habit, the flushed cheeks and bright eyes with which she had listened to "Dixie," flashed across his mental vision. The "Yankee" might be an obstacle not to be laughed away.

"But I am not a Yankee," he said, with